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A FAWCETT PUBLICATION



JUNE NO. 80

# **HOPALONG CASSIDY**

Starring  
**WILLIAM  
HUTTS**

**10¢**



**IN  
THIS  
ISSUE:** **DEATH AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE!**



# JOKER WILD

By Westbrook Wilson



**I**F I WAS kind of a roly-poly fellow and not very tall. He came riding up to the office of the Bar B-Q ranch where our foreman, Ramrod Reddery, had stuck out a sign: **MEN WANTED**

The roly-poly fellow didn't exactly dismount; he sort of rolled off his horse. Our foreman stuck his head out the door and said, "Howdy?"

"Howdy?" replied the stranger.

"Are you a bronco buster?" asked the foreman.

"No, I'm not a bronco and my name ain't Bronco," said the newcomer.

Ramrod gave him a hard look. He growled, "I'm looking for men, not jokers!"

"I don't blame you," responded the roly-poly. "Jokers are usually wild."

You can tell we were mighty hard up for hands or Ramrod would have sent his hombre packin' right then and there. But instead he just frowned that crack about jokers being wild and he asked roly-poly a question.

"Can you rope a steer?"

"Well, I can steer a rope," was the reply.

"Hub!"

"Why sure. You have to steer a rope to rope a steer. I can do that."

Ramrod growled, "Come on inside and sign on." They both disappeared into the office.

Plenty of odd characters were hired on during that time of the manpower shortage at the old spread, but the strangest one of all was Roly. Seems likely he had a real name but everybody at first called him Roly Poly and

finally just Roly for short. He turned out to be a right good cowhand, too, considering he wasn't long and lanky like most of the good ones are supposed to be.

He really could steer a rope—that is to say, rope a steer—and he was handy with either a branding iron or a shooting iron, it didn't matter which.

Only trouble with him was that he was all the time trying to be a comedian. Actually, there's nothing wrong with a joke now and then. Everybody likes to laugh. But nobody can be funny all the time, which was what Roly tried, and furthermore, his humor ran mostly to puns, which can become sort of wearing if you hear 'em night and day.

Like one day, when most of the boys were taking their ease in the bunkhouse, half of 'em asleep, he came thundering up and hollered, "Hey, men! There's some rustling goin' on!"

Well, no, everybody hopped out, buckling on their gun belts and picking up rifles and so on and somebody says, "Where? Where is the rustling goin' on?"

Roly replied, "I heard some lawns rustling in the trees."

The boys nearly killed him for that, sposting their rest and all for such a punk joke. reckon they would have killed him if Ramrod hadn't stopped them just as Roly was going down for the third time.

Roly's lips were kind of swollen where somebody had nicked him, but he managed to grin at Ramrod and say, "Thank you, boss. You saved my wife—I mean, life."

(Continued on inside back cover)



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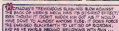
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# HOPALONG CASSIDY







THE BEST THING TO DO IS TAKE HIS BODY BACK TO TOWN AND SEE IF I CAN DO UP ANY MORE BUSINESS ABOUT NOW. I MIGHT GET A CLUE OR A LEAD I COULD FOLLOW UP ON.



THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE BLACK-ANTLER'S BAR...

NOW THAT I'VE GOT SOME DRINKS TIME, I'LL READ TOMORROW'S NEWS. (GLIMPSE LOOK AT THE NEWSPAPER.) HOPALONG (READING) THIS MORN-ING I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN. I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN. I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN.



HOPALONG FOUND THE LETTER. I KILLED AND HE KNOWS IT WAS A POWERFUL HORSEMAN WHO DID IT.



(GLIMPSE) CURIOUS IS THAT I AM KNOWING THE STRONGEST POINTS IN THESE NOTES AND THE OLD MAN AND THE STRONGEST IN A MANNER TO MAKE A STRONGER RECK-ONING THAT.



TO BETTER UNDERSTAND OUT OF TOWN, I'VE GOT TO KNOW HIM. I KNOW HOPALONG I'VE NEVER GOT AWAY FROM HIM. THE ONLY WAY I'LL BE SAFE IS TO KILL HIM.



AND I KNOW HOW TO DO THAT. I'LL TELL HIM I'LL BE SAFE TO DO SO. I'LL BE SAFE TO DO SO. I'LL BE SAFE TO DO SO.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, IN HOPALONG'S OFFICE...

(VOICE) WELL, I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN. I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN. I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN.



IT'S A NOTE. I KNOW WHO LEFT IT THERE.









IT'S NOT YOUR MIST, HOPPER!  
ACCIDENTS HAPPEN! AND DON'T  
WORRY, SOMEBODY OR OTHER WILL  
CATCH UP WITH THAT KILLER YET!



BUT RIGHT NOW WE HAVE TO  
GO TO THE BLACKSMITH'S  
SHOP AND GET YOU A NEW  
SHOE: BY THE TIME HE GETS  
THESE IT WILL BE DAWN!  
SO HERE SHOULD BE LUV!



FIFTEEN HOURS LATER ...

HA, I SURE ENJOYED MY SLEEP!  
NOW THAT I KILLED HOPALONG,  
I'VE GOT NOTHING ON MY MIND  
EXCEPT MY HAD! HA HA!



I HEAR SOMEONE RISING UP!  
BECAUSE IT'S AN EVIL  
CUSTOMER!



COULD IT BE THE  
KILLER HOPALONG? BUT  
— I KILLED  
HIM!



MY SHOTS MUST HAVE MISSED  
HIM AND HE PLANNED TO COME  
TO POOL, HE WHO OFFENDS ME  
WAS DEAD!



NOW HE KNOWS FOR SURE  
IT'S ME AND HE'S COMING  
TO GET ME!



BUT HE WON'T! I'LL STRANGLE  
HIM WITH MY OWN BARE HANDS  
AND THIS TIME I'LL MAKE SURE  
I KILL HIM!



# HOPALONG CASSIDY









HOPALONG STARTS ANOTHER LEFT JAB BUT STOPS IT FOR A FRACTION OF A SECOND TO RELOAD AND SENDS A LEFT HOOK CRASHING TO THE SIDE OF THE MAN'S FACE.



HEARD SEEN THE LEFT HOOK COMING AND PUTS HIS CHIN UP TO BLOCK IT!



BUT HOPALONG WAS ONLY FEINTING AND AN OTHER PART OF HIS HAND TO PROTECT HIS JAW. HOPALONG LARGES OUT WITH A LIGHTNING-SPEED BRUTALISED PUNCH TO REEL A UNEXPECTED OFFENSE!



THE MEN STRUGGLE TO DOUBLE UP WITH PAUL. HIS ARMIS DISCHARGED TO HIS GORE. HOPALONG SHOOTING A SHORT POWDERFL LEFT TO HIS HEAD:



IT POWERFUL BLOW TAKES PAUL'S HEAD BACKWARD AND...POW! IN THE END OF AN EXPLOSIVE BLOW CAUSE TO THE JAW!



AS THOUGH STRUCK BY AN ANG, THE FULLED-UP GENT FALLS WITH A GREAT CRASH RIGHT ON HIS FACE:



BEFORE I DO ANYTHING ELSE I'M PUTTING THESE HANDCUFFS ON HIM! THEN I'LL TAKE HIM TO JAIL. WHEN HE COMES TO, HOPALONG CAN FIND OUT WHO HE MURDERED THE OTHER FELLOW:



NOT IN JAIL, HE'LL COMPROMISE ALL!

DO YOU KILLED FIGHT BECAUSE YOU REALLY BELIEVED HE HAD DISCOVERED HIM THAT WOULD NEVER BREAK OUT? YOU MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THAT THE GOOD THING THAT WOULD BECOME IS THE LAST OF WHICH EACH SIDE TO IT THAT EVERYONE WAS COMING A CRASH FROM THE JAIL! YES, YOU WILL! YOU'LL HAVE TO FOR THE SUPREMACY AND YOUR MURDER!



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

starring William Boyd

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"I'VE GOT TO CHECK  
YOUR FAULT ON I'LL BE  
GETTING MORE BOUNCY!"



"GET  
HIM!"



"THAT'S THE TEETH A NEW  
FEEL BOUNCY! BOUNCY, I'VE BOUNCY  
BLAD I COULDN'T TAKE BOUNCY!  
IF HE EVER GOT AWAY—  
GROOOO MY FAULT TEETH!"



"OH, HELLO,  
MATTY HOPALONG!"

"IT'S CHARLIE BARD,  
THE SQUABBY I'VE  
GONE TO USE THE  
BROOKING POWDER  
ON!"



"MR. MR. WAIT TILL THAT FAT  
GUTTER STARTS TO SHIVER  
LIKE LOGS—GROOOO HE'S  
GONE TO STEP ON MY  
STONE TEETH!"

"WATCH  
OUT, GORRUP!  
WATCH OUT!"



"HUR? WATCH OUT  
FOR WATCH!"

"GROOOO!  
IT'S TOO LATE!  
GROOO HE STEPPED  
ON THEM!"



"GROOOO! YOU STEPPED  
ON MY FAULT TEETH  
AND GORRUPPED THEM!  
THEY'RE BOUNCY!"

"GROOOO!  
THEY'RE BOUNCY!"



"GROOOO! IT'S ALL MY OWN  
FAULT! IF I HADN'T BROUGHT THE  
BROOKING POWDER TO GIVE TO  
CHARLIE, HE NEVER WOULD HAVE  
HAD THE CHANCE TO TRIANGLE ON  
MY FAULT GORRUPPED! GROOOO!  
YOU IN HELL I'LL HAVE TO GO  
BACK TO GORRUPPING MY  
FEEDS AGAIN!"

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

starring  
WILLIAM BRYO

## DEATH AT THE STROKE OF 12

*Hopalong Cassidy battles  
an opponent that can never be  
stopped—Time! Speed by second  
Tide River's pallid sheriff is swept  
over and under to the fateful hour—  
where death stands waiting for him  
with outstretched arms!*









THEY'LL BE NO REASON FOR ANYONE TO SUSPECT THAT I DID IT! ALL THE EVIDENCE THAT I TOOK ANY MONEY WILL BE GONE! (IT WILL REMAIN ONE OF THOSE DAMNED MYSTERIES.)



THROUGH SO FAST, THE MERE 5

YES, STARTING, THAT WASN'T MUCH TO DO! GOOD NIGHT!



HOW TO CARRY OUT THE REST OF MY PLAN? THE DOOR TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE HAD OPENED THE DAY WITH HOPALONG CASSIDY'S BROTHER, SLEVIN' AND LONER AND I'LL BE THERE WHEN THE BOMB GOES OFF! THAT'LL BRING THEM ALL TOGETHER OFF ME—BANG! WITH THE SHOTGUN AT THE VERY MOMENT THE BOMB EXPLODES!

NO, NO!



HOW, CASSIDY? THAT WASN'T A VERY BIG BOMB! SPEED! AN HOUR OR TWO LATER, WITH THEM ALL IN THE HALLS OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, LET THEM ALL GO!

OR, OR... COULDN'T YOU... MURDER?



TO SPEAK OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, THERE ARE OTHER MEN INTERESTED IN THE SHERIFF'S BUSINESS AT THE SAME TIME!

THE SHERIFF'S BROTHER, SLEVIN' AND LONER, JUST THIS IS A GOOD TIME FOR US TO GO TO THE BOMB!

YEAH! THE SHERIFF'S BROTHER, SLEVIN' AND LONER, JUST THIS IS A GOOD TIME FOR US TO GO TO THE BOMB!



BE QUICK AS HE OPENS THE DOOR, LET HIM GO!

KNOCK! KNOCK!



PER... WHAT... UGH!

QUICK! RUN! RUN! INSIDE!



YOU DON'T  
WANT TO MARRY  
ABOUT WHAT WE'RE  
SAYING!

GOOD! LET'S  
GET TO THE  
SALOON  
FRIENDS!



WHAT THE... TAPPA!  
WE HADN'T WINE  
WHAT KIND OF  
BROKE IS THIS?

THE ONLY  
THING HERE  
IS THIS BROT  
CRAZY MAN! I  
WANT SOMETHING ON  
WINE IN MY LIPS  
THAT IS!



WORTHY AFTER, THE OTHER COMES  
ON, AND SAYS TO HOPALONG'S  
OWNER!

HOPALONG!  
OH, YOU'RE HERE, TOO,  
MR. BROTHER! WELL, THE  
COUNTRYMAN YOU, THE  
BUT BAD NEWS FROM  
BROTHER! BROTHED WE  
OUT AND BROTHED  
THE CAFE!

WHAT THE...

WINE DO  
THE BROTHED?



A SIGHT WHILE AGO! I DON'T  
THINK IT WAS MORE THAN FIFTEEN  
MINUTES! IT MIGHT BE EVEN LONGER!  
AS SOON AS I CAME TO, I LOOKED  
AROUND THE CAFE, WERE OPEN AND  
CLOSED BUT THEN I SAW  
RIGHT OVER THERE!



THEY COULDN'T HAVE  
GOTTEN TOO FAR THEN  
MAINE I CAN STILL  
CATCH THEM! OH!

THE BROT  
WAS CLEARED  
OUT. THAT IS  
SAYING THAT  
CASSIDY TOOK  
THE BROT  
CARE WITH  
THE TIME  
BROT  
IN IT!



LET'S GO, TAPPA!  
THOSE BROTHERS MUST  
BEHOLD! ARE BEHOLDING  
FOR THE BROTHER!

I HAD  
FOUNDED ON  
ABOUT THE LINE  
THEY WERE GOING  
AND THE BROTHED  
AND THE BROTHED  
THE BROTHED WILL  
GET ABOUT MY  
FROTHED THE BROTHED!



WELL, I WOULD IF I WILL STILL WORK OUT  
ALL RIGHT FOR ME! IT'S A BROTHER TO FLOWER!  
THE TIME SOME MAY GO OFF IN FIFTEEN  
MINUTES, AND WILL THERE HONORABLE SYNDICATE  
AND THE ACCOUNTING WILL COME THE BROT  
THE BROTHED THAT'S BROTHED FROM THE BROTHED  
AND THAT IT WAS DESTROYED IN THE BROTHED  
WILL THERE BROTHED  
IT!



BUT CASSIDY IS THE GREATEST SHERRIF  
IN THE WORLD! HE'S LIKELY TO CATCH THOSE  
BROTHERS BEFORE THE BROTHERS GO OFF  
AND FIND OUT THAT CASSIDY STILL  
HAS MONEY!







THE DISCREPANCY BETWEEN LIFE ON THE FLOOR AND THE MINUTES SHOWS THAT THE BOMB WILL GO OFF BEFORE THE BOMB AND BEFORE THE BOMB. THE BOMB WILL GO OFF BEFORE THE BOMB AND BEFORE THE BOMB.



I LOOKED AT IT UP ALL OVER! THERE ARE FEWER THAN SIXTY SECONDS LEFT IN HOPALONG'S LIFE...



...WHEN HOPALONG COMES TO, HE REMAINS STRAIGHT AND UPRIGHT AND BOUNDED AND IS BACK OUT THE EFFECTS OF THE CRASH AND BOMB. CRASH ON THE ROAD IN HOPALONG'S CAR, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THE BOMB WHICH WILL GO OFF IN TEN MINUTES AND THEN CRASH A MINUTE!









# PISTOL PACKING PATTIE

A BASS  
REMARK



THERE'S BLISSFUL SLEEPING  
OFF AGAIN! I WONDER HOW  
HE'S DOING ABOUT THE  
TIME I'LL SLEEPER AND  
TEND BUT!



...AND THE MOTHER OF THE  
DRIFT WOODS, SHE'S NEVER  
BEING A MOUSE AS  
GOOD AS DEAD!

IS THAT SO?



YOU'RE SURE I'LL  
BE A SLEEPER AFTER  
IN SURE?

COULD YOU  
DO THAT  
AND NOT  
FORGET?



I KNOW YOU'LL SLEEPER  
UNDER BEST!

WELL,  
PISTOL  
PACKING  
PATTIE!



MRS. OWEN  
JENNINGS!

WELL!



# SADDLE- HEAD

A  
STRAIGHT  
SHOOTER!



WELL, SADDLEHEAD, WHEN HAVE  
YOU ABOUT YOU BEEN SURPRISED  
TO MEET ME AGAIN, AT  
THIS POINT? IT'S  
NOT SURELY NOW!

DR. J.  
BROWN!



WELL, SADDLE  
HEAD, WHEN HAVE  
YOU ABOUT YOU BEEN  
SURPRISED?

I WAS  
BATTING  
BATTING!



WELL, SADDLE HEAD, DID IT  
MEET YOU, SADDLE  
HEAD, WHEN HAVE  
YOU ABOUT YOU BEEN  
SURPRISED?

THREE  
FOUR!



WELL, IT TOOK YOU  
THREE YEARS TO  
BE SUREHEAD!

THAT'S  
RIGHT!



...I WAS STRAIGHTENING  
THE WREATHLED DOT OF  
THE PHONES!





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## Joker Wild

*(Continued from inside front cover)*

"Don't mention it, it's only temporary," replied the foreman. "As soon as I can get a hand to replace you, I'll let the boys kill you all they want to. In fact, I'll very likely join in."

But threats and boasts couldn't suppress Roly. One Monday, after a heavy spring rain, he flagged down the railroad train and hollered, "There's a washout on the line ahead!"

The engineer, fireman and conductor all climbed out of the train and ran along the tracks with Roly till they came to the O'Grady homestead. Then Roly pointed to the clothesline on which Mrs. O'Grady had hung clothing and sheets and such to dry and he said, "See? There's a wash out on the line!"

Well, sir, that engineer was all in favor of running his locomotive right over Roly's neck and I hear it took both the fireman and conductor to hold him back.

Another time, when he was in town, he rushed into the sheriff's office and bellowed, "Hey, Sheriff, come quick. There's a robber band in the back!"

You've probably guessed by now that when they got to the bank, everything was quiet, but Roly opened a door downer and pulled out something and said, "See? There's a robber band in the back!"

Roly was riding the ridge alone when he spotted a dozen strange men, wearing masks, hating a bunch of the Bar B-Q beef towards the foothills. He rode livery-split back to the ranch and gave the alarm. Only nobody got alarmed. Everybody yawned, even the foreman.

"Go play your jokes on the railroad," one fellow said.

"Or bid the sheriff if you want to," suggested another. "We ain't biting."

Humrod even tried to turn the "joke" on Roly. He said, "If they're really wantlers, ask them to come here and worfils me!"

You've got to hand it to Roly. He wasn't any coward. He said to the boys, "All right, if you won't help me, I'll catch those rustlers by myself. It's one against twelve, but I may find that dozen dozen!"

He rode off and chased after those sidewinders who were stealing our cattle. They had a good head start, so it was quite some time before he caught up with them. He winged two before they put stage on him and knocked him off his crynes. Then they dragged him to a cave, which was their hide-out. He had a slug through his shoulder, and one through his elbow, but lucky for him, nobody had shot out his tongue.

The leader of the rustlers said to him, "We've got you in our power. But if you give us some secret information about the Bar B-Q, we will spare you."

Roly thumped on his chest and said, "Please spare my heart, spare my liver, spare ribs!"

"Hay, are you making fun of us?" exclaimed the outlaws.

"I'm a joker," said Roly, "and jokers are always wild!"

Somehow, he got a chance to run out of that cave. And when the outlaws came pounding after him, he threw a loose loop around all of them. He distracted them and brought them in to the sheriff's office. That much of this story is positive fact.

**N**OW, what he claimed afterward was that he told a joke so funny that all the outlaws shook with laughter. Tears came into their eyes. They were shaking so that they couldn't aim their guns and the team kept them from seeing straight, anyhow. It was then that Roly made his break and ran out of the cave.

We have only his word for that part. Some of the Bar B-Q boys claim it's impossible—that Roly never told a joke that funny.

All I know about it is this. He really could steer a rope!

THE END



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